

NIGHTMARE

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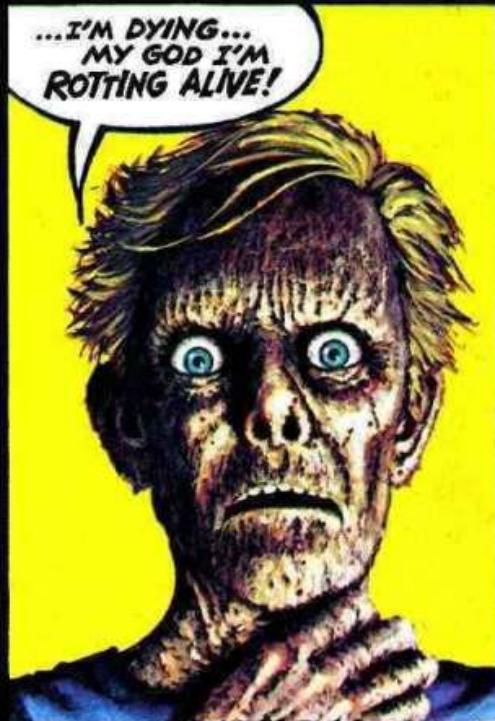
T.M.

WHAT IS
GOING
ON?

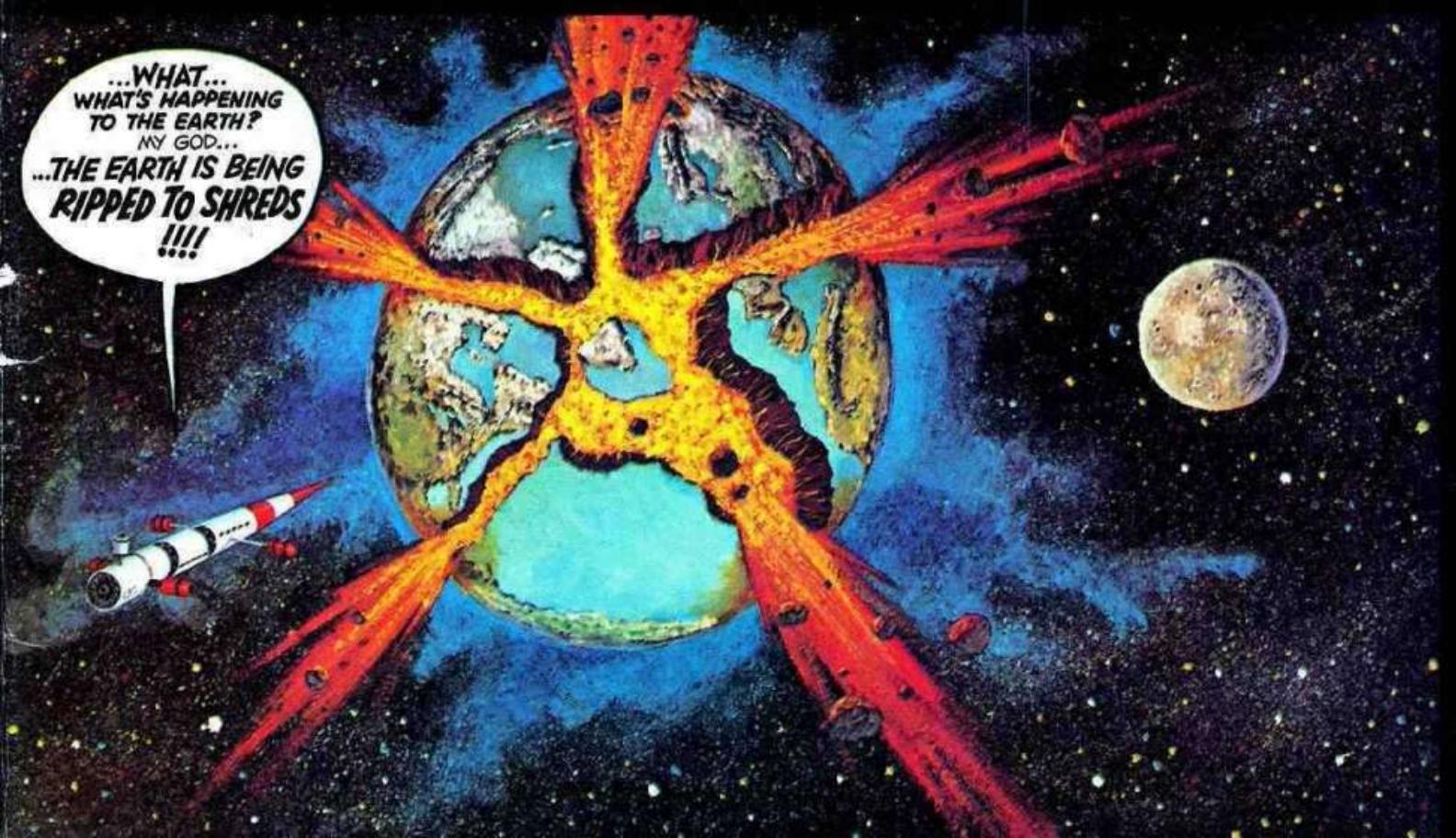
WHY DO I FEEL
SO WEIRD...IT'S AS IF
MY SKIN IS
CRAWLING!

...I'M DYING...
MY GOD I'M
ROTTING ALIVE!

...THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...IT'S
IN MY MIND...I MUST BE INSANE
...I'VE BEEN OUT IN SPACE
TOO LONG...



...WHAT...
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THE EARTH?
MY GOD...
**...THE EARTH IS BEING
RIPPED TO SHREDS
!!!!**



...THERE ARE MANY MACABRE PLACES IN THIS WORLD WHERE UNEXPLAINED THINGS ABIDE, THINGS THAT ARE TOTALLY BEYOND SCIENTIFIC OR HUMAN UNDERSTANDING... ONE OF THESE PLACES IS EASTER ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AN ISLAND ONLY 14 BY 7 MILES, SHAPED LIKE A TRIANGLE WITH AN EXTINCT VOLCANO AT EACH CORNER, AND ON THAT PLACE THERE ARE CERTAIN PRE-HISTORIC STATUES... 600 OF THEM EACH FROM 12 TO 25 FEET IN HEIGHT.

THE LARGEST IS IN A PIT ON THE SIDE OF A VOLCANO, IS OVER 40 FEET TALL AND WEIGHS 50 TONS. THERE IS AN UNFINISHED STATUE NEARBY OVER 60 FEET.

WHAT IS THE MACABRE TRUTH BEHIND IT? SOME WILD SPECULATION... IMAGINING SPACEMEN BROUGHT THEM TO THE ISLAND OR THAT AN ADVANCED EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION MADE THEM... BOTH UTTER FICTION!

THE TRUTH IS THAT ALL 600 STATUES WERE MADE RIGHT ON THE ISLAND, FASHIONED OF VOLCANIC ROCK, BY EARLY CIVILIZATIONS IN THE 4TH AND 5TH CENTURIES A.D. THEY WERE CEREMONIAL STATUES USED BY THE NATIVES TO WARD OFF VOLCANO GODS.

THE EASTER ISLAND THINGS



- PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

- CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST VILANOVA

MAELO CINTRON DELA ROSA ED FEDORY
DOUG MOENCH RUBIO SUSO VILAMONTE

...THIS IS THE END OF THE EARTH ISSUE...

...welcome...

...to the

Lunatic
Issue...

...wherein we look
at the Diary of a
Madman, fall victim
to the Plastic
Plague, witness the
Death of the 80th
Victim, and endure
the agony along with
the Human Gargoyles
as they do battle
with the thing from
underneath ... all making
this the...

...Nightmare underneath
in the
Asylum...

NIGHTMARE

- EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON -



...THIS...IS THE LUNATIC HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE...

...AND THE CORRUPT
SHALDNE!! THE PLAGUE! DEATH
of the 80th Victim!

THE BUTCHERED AT
EARTH'S CORE!!!

and they did
battle with the
thing from

THE CREATURE
FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

THE DIARY OF AN
ABSOLUTE LUNATIC!

...THIS...IS
A LUNATIC ASYLUM...

...INSIDE THIS HELL-ON-EARTH-PLACE
THERE IS A DOCTOR WHO IS AS MAD AS HIS
PATIENTS...AS MAD AS THIS ONE BEING
DRAGGED INTO THIS 1920'S
BEDLAM BY TWO POLICEMEN...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY DELA ROSA



...THEY THINK BY PUTTING THIS MAN AWAY IN THIS 'HOSPITAL' THEY ARE HELPING HIM AS MUCH AS THEY PROTECT SOCIETY... WHILE THIS MAY OR MAY NOT BE TRUE ONE FACT IS CERTAIN... THIS LUNATIC, THIS MINDLESS DEGENERATE SIMPLY COULDNT-CARE-LESS ANYMORE...

...A LEGITIMATE
MANNER WITH
WHICH WE START
OUT TALE:

THE DARY OF AN ABSOLUTE LUNATIC

DELA
ROSA

WE FOUND HIM IN A FIELD, DOCTOR; HE WAS FLINGING HIS ARMS ABOUT AND SCREAMING...

...HE'S MAD SIR...

YES... HE'S OBVIOUSLY MAD!
WHO IS HE?...

LORD!

WHAT IS IT...
WHAT'S IN THOSE PAPERS?

...A DIARY...
...A LUNATIC DIARY...

DON'T KNOW SIR...
...MAYBE THESE PAPERS MIGHT SAY SOMETHING...

ALRIGHT...
THROW HIM IN THERE...

"THIS... TAKES THE FORM OF A
DIARY... THO IT SHOULD PERHAPS BETTER BE
CALLED A LETTER OF WARNING... OF IMPENDING
DOOM WHICH WILL BEFALL MANKIND AND THIS
EARTH UNLESS...
UNLESS CERTAIN
PRECAUTIONS
ARE TAKEN..."





MY NAME IS MUNGO RAWLINS, AND THO YOU WILL FIND IT HARD TO ACCEPT, I AM NOT OF YOUR TIME, BUT FROM THE YEAR 1999... THE YEAR THE EARTH WILL DIE!



... IN 1999 THE **EARTH FOUNDATION** CELEBRATED ITS 15TH ANNIVERSARY; ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF MOTHER EARTH GATHERED IN THE LONDON WHITE HOUSE TO MAKE SPEECHES AND MARK THE OCCASION WITH A LOT OF HOOP-LA AND HOOP-TEE-DO THAT WAS INTENDED TO BE SYMBOLIC OF BROTHERHOOD...



...IT WOULD APPEAR OUR CELEBRATIONS WILL BE COMPLETE AFTER-ALL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ...

...PRESIDENT TUCKLE, AS YOU ALL KNOW, WAS NOT ABLE TO ATTEND... HE IS HAVING PROBLEMS IN HIS SECTOR, AS WE ALL KNOW...

...HOWEVER, I AM INFORMED HE IS BROADCASTING NOW A LIVE TELEVISION MESSAGE TO COMMEMORATE SECTOR D'S PARTICIPATION IN **EARTH FOUNDATION**...

MY CONGRATULATIONS
TO ALL SECTORS ON EXCELLENT
ACHIEVEMENT RECORDS FOR
THE 15 YEARS OF AMALGAMATED
EARTH...





"...BUT THESE PUBLIC GOINGS-ON HAD LITTLE TO DO WITH ME PERSONALLY... AT THE TIME I WAS INVOLVED IN A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT OF SUCH MAGNITUDE AN IMPORTANCE IT WAS KEPT VERY VERY PRIVATE..."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PRESIDENT TUCKLE HAS SEEN TO IT THAT OUR CELEBRATIONS ARE RUINED... HE HAS USED HIS POSITION FOR POLITICAL ENDS...

...WE, THE PRESIDENTS OF ALL OTHER SECTORS, ARE UNANIMOUS IN OUR REACTION TO THIS LUNATIC'S DEMANDS, AND WE ARE UNANIMOUS IN OUR REJECTION OF THEM...

...WE ARE CALLIN' AN EMERGENCY SESSION OF COUNCIL TO IMPEACH THIS POWER-HUNGRY MANIAC...

WHAT'S TUCKLE'S PROBLEM ANYWAY?

...HE'S PROBABLY SENILE...

...HE REALLY IS A POWER-HUNGRY MANIAC THO...

...HE'S ONE OF THE OLD ONES... MUST BE ANCIENT... LIVED THRU THE GREAT HITLER WAR... WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO MAKE IT WITH THE ANTI-AGE BREAKTHROUGH...

I FIGURED HE WAS OLD...

...OH HO... HE IS OLD... HIS MIND IS GONE... HE THREATENED THE EARTH... WELL, LET US PRAY HE DOESN'T HAVE THE MEANS TO BACK-UP HIS THREATS...

...TWO DAYS AFTER TUCKLE'S THREAT, WHILE PUBLIC TELEVISION CONTINUED TO FOCUS CAMERAS AND ATTENTIONS ON THE POLITICAL WAR; PRIVATE CLOSED-CIRCUITS WERE TUNED INTO A DIFFERENT PROGRAM... THE *TIME* PROGRAM... READY TO LAUNCH *ME* INTO SOME SPACIAL VOID WHERE I WOULD STAND STILL AND THE EARTH WOULD ACCELERATE INTO TOMORROW...

...15 SECONDS TILL IGNITION...

...STAND BY...



... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE
... THAT AWFUL LUNATIC
HAS GONE OUT OF HIS
MIND... THE MAN HAS
GONE MAD...

"...AS THE RUSH OF
MOTORS JERKED ME
INTO CENTER-SPACE
I WATCHED THE WORLD
SITTING IN ITS BLACK-
ORBIT... BUT SOMETHING
WRETCHED WAS
HAPPENING TO IT..."

...THE EARTH IS BEING
RIPPED APART...

...HE'S DEMOLISHED
MOTHER EARTH...

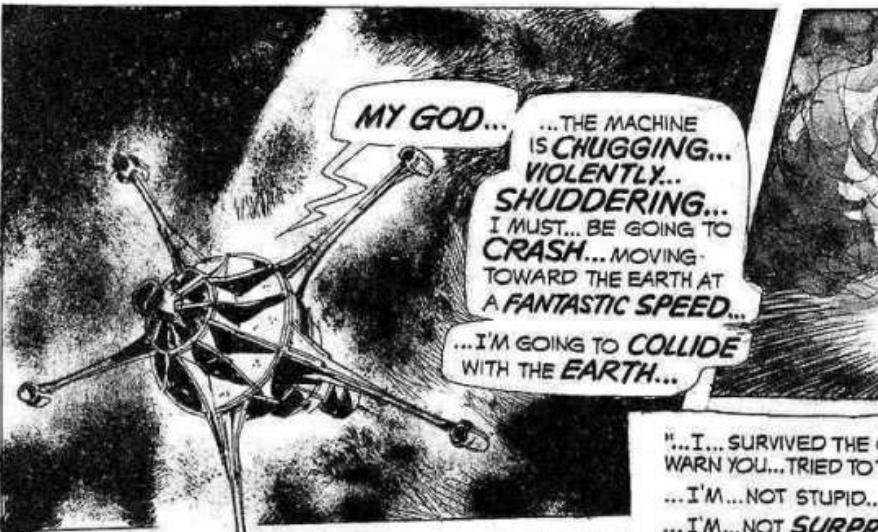


"...AND THEN... THERE WAS NOTHING..."



"...I FIRST SAW A BLINDING BLAZE OF LIGHT AS TIME AGAIN BEGAN AN AWKWARD CIRCLE BACK (OR FORWARD) TO ITS BEGINNING... I SAW PLANETS COLLIDE AND CLASH AND GASES FLOAT ABOUT AND MIX... AND I SAW THE EARTH BECOME FROM NOTHINGNESS..."





"...I... SURVIVED THE CRASH INTO YOUR TIME... SINCE THAT TIME I'VE TRIED TO
WARN YOU... TRIED TO TELL EVERY ONE WHAT WILL HAPPEN... BUT I'M IGNORED...
I'M... NOT STUPID...
I'M... NOT SURPRISED I'M IGNORED... IF I WERE ON YOUR SIDE OF THE
CIRCUMSTANCE I'D THINK ME MAD TOO... AND I AM GOING MAD... MY
BRAIN IS AWFULLY-AWKWARDLY DETERIORATING..."



"...I LEAVE THIS ONLY
AS A LAST RESORT TO MY
SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY
TO SANITY...
...IN HEAVEN'S NAME..."

...BELIEVE
ME..."





...A WRETCHED BUNCH OF LETTERS AND DEGENERATE ANNOUNCEMENTS...

... before we start into your letters, we can't resist plugging our new magazine out on the newsstands this month . . . SCREAM . . . did you see it? . . . did you get it yet? . . . if you DIDN'T your MISSING SOMETHING . . . if you DID then you've GOT the HORROR-MAGAZINE of the DECADE (maybe in the WHOLE CENTURY) . . .

... thanks to MARINA TURNER for the LONGEST and LOVE-LIEST NIGHTMARE WORLD we've ever received . . . here's a short quote from her dream:

" . . . I looked out the stained-glass window and saw a beautiful carriage made of coffin-purple steel arriving, pulled by two handsome black steeds . . . "

... this really WAS a NIGHTMARE for Marina who has gotta be the world's greatest HORSE fan, and when a reader is a fan of HORSES and a fan of HORROR naturally she's gotta be a NIGHTMARE fan . . .

... ANGUS GILBERT Jr., of Boston, writes us that he'd like HELL-RIDER revived as either a character in NIGHTMARE or in his own regular magazine again

... we are thinking of doing SOMETHING with the HELL-RIDER, people, what say YOU? What would you like us to DO with the HELL-RIDER? . . .

... thanks to ROBERT CURTIS of Nauvoo, Illinois, who wants more murders, to MARK BUL-LOCH of Scarborough, Ontario, who thinks we are running CIRCLES around our competition to JOSE INUNEZ of Palo Alto, California, who presents us with some GREAT story titles like: 'I WAS BURIED ALIVE WITH THE DEAD', 'MY BODY DIED, BUT MY BRAIN LIVED FOREVER', 'THE GRAVEYARD I COULD NEVER LEAVE', 'THE MAN WHO CRAWLED OUT OF HELL' and 'THE KEEPER OF DEVILS SOULS' which we're passing along to the MOOD-TEAM as ideas . . .



... DOUG GROVES of Richmond, California, writes that he's been reading the SKYWALD Mags since issue #4 . . . and hopes to be reading them when they reach #104 . . .

... STEVEN FURNESS wants us to present some CLASSIC tales of literature adapted to the HORROR-MOOD format . . . this is exactly what we're going to do in a special issue coming up soon tentatively entitled: CLASSIC TALES OF THE MACABRE . . .

COMICS OPINION

in the letters pages of NIGHTMARE #12 we began a NEW-FEATURE we called . . . COMICS OPINION . . .

the response to this new readers' feature has been good and delightfully enlightening . . . this issue we review what two readers said about the last editorial

opinion by JIM MAHAN of East Walpole, Mass . . .

" . . . I would like to debate the statement made by DERECK CONRAD in COMICS OPINION . . .

Mr. Conrad condemns the colored comics medium for what IS a childish medium . . . I agree with him on this point, colored comics lack, for the most part a new and fresh and adult approach . . . However, there have been many fresh and innovative series in the past 10 years . . . may I suggest to you: WAR OF THE WORLDS, BERNI WRIGHTSON'S SWAMP THING, MIKE KALUTA'S fantasy and horror stories, MIKE PLOOG'S FRANKENSTEIN, and many new artists such as Frank Brunner and Al Weiss to name but a few . . . I agree with him about the black and white mags . . . they are more free and they are full of spirit . . . but why, I ask, must horror be the only black and white magazines of any QUALITY . . . I quite enjoyed SKYWALD'S HELL RIDER as well as Kirby's efforts is anybody listening . . . ?"

as a publisher, yes, we're listening . . . check out the inside back cover of this issue for our announcement of forthcoming titles, catch the current just-released new SKYWALD title SCREAM, and count on NEW NON-HORROR black and white titles from SKYWALD in the near future . . . if SKYWALD'S HORROR-MOOD titles grab you, wait'll you get a look at the SKYWALD HUMOR-MOOD title soon-to-come-your-way . . .

now to comment on your opinions . . . yes . . . we feel that there ARE a few WONDERFUL colored comics produced

these days, and the titles you mentioned are coincidentally the same titles we buy and enjoy ourselves . . . but . . . like Dereck Conrad, it is our editorial opinion that (maybe) 6 or 7 titles out of a COUPLE OF HUNDRED is a LOUSY PERCENTAGE . . . colored comics are primarily ENTERTAINMENT . . . and 95% of them just BORE us to DEATH . . .

opinion by JACK MONNINGER of Indianapolis, Indiana . . .

" . . . the black and white horror magazines are growing in different styles, titles and importance more and more every year . . . the black and white media is much more of a young art an art which must be binded strong lest it die . . .

SKYWALD is a good example of a progressive and responsible publishing house . . . most other houses play the charge-em-more routine or reprint old material of the past to save them money. If they DO give you more pages and say LOOK, WE HAVE MORE PAGES THAN ANY OTHER PUBLICATION IN THE FIELD; just think about the average 14 to 20 pages of unimportant ads which dominate each issue SKYWALD, at 66 pages for only 75¢, with only a very few pages of ads has the right to say they have more pages of art than any other company. In fact, SKYWALD has the right to say they are: THE RULERS OF THE COMIC FIELD . . . that's the true-to-earth FACT . . .

that's a nice sentiment . . . SKYWALD isn't number 2 but we try harder anyway . . .

in the next issue we will present another comics opinion from YOU . . . the reader write us today. COMICS OPINION, the archaic editor SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 East 41st Street, New York City, N.Y. 10017 . . . and don't forget to include your photograph for us to print along with your opinions . . .



... reader JIM WORTHROD, writes us that the decayed thing in PSYCHO #9 (the SLITHER-SLIME MAN) should be made into a regular character . . .

... DAVID LEVISON of Bethpage, N.Y., writes . . . "not too much sword and sorcery . . . it does not belong in a horror-mood publication . . . no-body comes close to the standards of your SCREAM SCREEN movie reviews . . ."

... BOOBY-HATCH BOB BURROS (winner of a gargoyle egg), writes ". . . the NIGHTMARE WINTER-SPECIAL was fabulous . . . the best yarn was your opener, 'DIE MUMMY' you may wonder why I liked this tale best. Well, Miss Vanessa Devon REALLY TURNS ME ON! (I find beauty in her MATURITY, and if you can send me her ADDRESS, I would be most appreciative) . . . when I get my summer vacation, I would love to pay Vanessa a VISIT . . . I might only be 36 years old in this

incarnation, but I have lived at least 3 OTHER lives and have many, many wives . . . I would love to add VANESSA to my eternally-living loves; in the interim, I will seek the esoteric potion that will restore her to the manner in which she appeared PRIOR to Harmhab's treachery . . ."

. . . and now before we close, an excerpt from the exceptional HORROR-MOOD POEM of GLEN PETERS of New York . . .

". . . "A FREE SAMPLE OF FEAR . . . the following rhyming story is a detailed configuration of an actual dream I experienced an August night in 1971 . . ."

". . . the madness kept on building . . .

. . . each curtain was a claw . . .

. . . each rolling wave of horror would chill me more and more



The Great Horror-Mood Crossword Puzzle

the answers



. . . this . . . is Rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE . . .



. . . Señor VILLAMONTE is the newest member of the horror mood team, having only just moved to city-Manhattan from someplace in the far deep south (we're not exactly sure WHERE . . . sometimes when he talks about it, Ricardo gives the impression that when he says: 'I come from underneath the United States', that ain't exactly what he means!) . . . His first job for us was 'THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK, A MACABRE FACT OF LIFE', which he illustrated last year sometime . . . but now he's fully into the mood with: 'GREED', 'ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG' (in NIGHTMARE #13), 'LIKE A BAT OUTTA HELL', and 'THE DEATH OF THE 80th VICTIM' in this issue . . .

. . . Rancid Ricardo, despite his nickname, is one of the NICEST guys we know and a genuine GENTLEMAN . . . every time he comes into the office he bows deeply to everyone . . . the only trouble is, we aren't sure if he's being POLITE or if it has something to do with the HUNGER PAINS he has 'cause we pay the guy so little MONEY . . .

. . . we bid warm welcome to Rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE . . .

. . . and the sounds of unknown terrors would saturate the room

. . .

. . . like the moans and groans of souls departed crying from the tomb . . .

. . . no longer could I stand it; DEAR GOD PLEASE BREAK THIS BIND . . .

. . . for hell will try to take my soul by torturing my MIND . . .

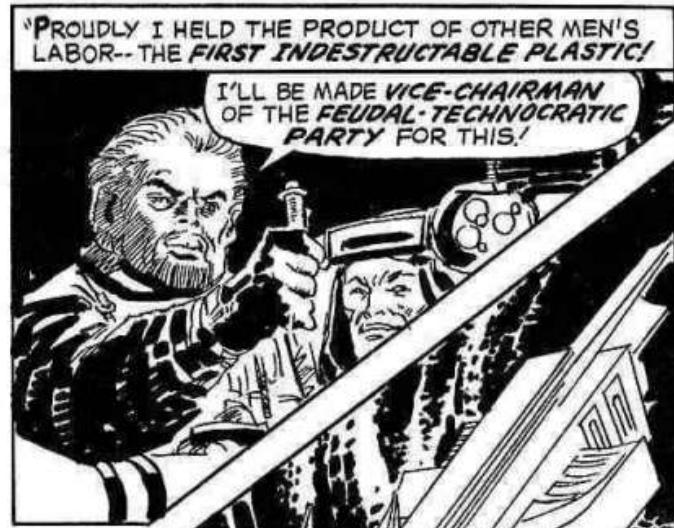
. . . tha . . . tha . . . that's all folks . . .

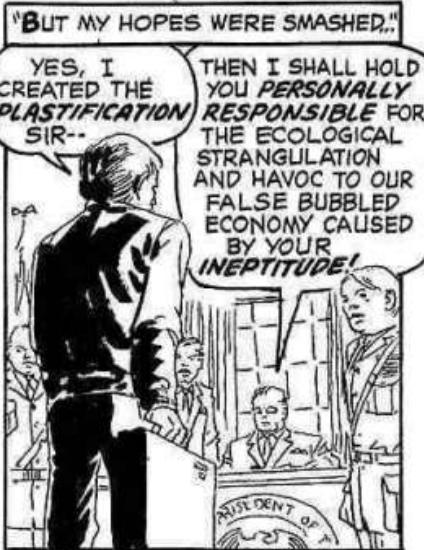
R.I.P. -ARCHAIC AI-

THE PLASTIC PLAQUE!

IT WAS 2114 AD BY THE "OLD COUNT" OF TIME, THE TRIBE OF SELDUN STILL KEPT THE OLD COUNT. THEY ALSO KEPT FAITH IN THE OLD WAYS... REMEMBERING THE LOST ARTS OF BUILDING, READING, AND MATHEMATICS, BECAUSE THEY DARED KEEP INTELLECT ALIVE, AND SHUNNED MAGICAL THOUGHT AND DID NOT BELIEVE IN WITCH-DOCTORS, THEY WERE PERSECUTED BY THE SURROUNDING DEGENERATED TRIBES. BUT AUGUST 1ST, 2114 AD, THEIR FAITH WAS REWARDED, A CHEST OF ANCIENT BOOKS WAS DISCOVERED-- PRECIOUS NEEDED TECHNICAL WORKS AND A HAND-WRITTEN JOURNAL! HERB WELLS, THE ELECTED LEADER, OPENED THE JOURNAL AND STUMBLINGLY BEGAN TO READ...







MEDICAL SECTORS ARE INJECTING PLASTIC PLASMA INTO HUMANS-- PLASTIC PEOPLE NEED NOT CONSUME! THE ECONOMY WILL COLLAPSE! WITH NOTHING TO DO, THE UNEMPLOYED PLASTIC MASSES WILL REVOLT! YOU MUST PREVENT THE ON-RUSHING CHAOS!

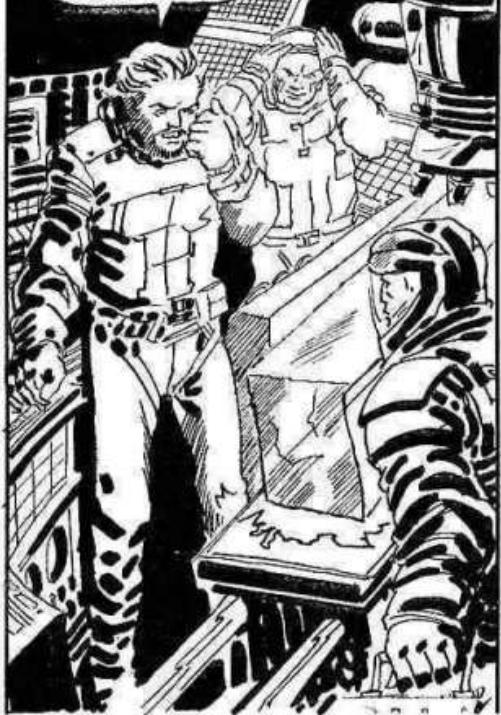


"SO BEGAN SLEEPLESS WEEKS OF FUTAL TESTING..."

WE MUSTN'T GIVE UP HOPE...

NOW-- IF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF THIS PLASTIC IS SO DENSE AS TO MAKE IT IMPREGNABLE-- THEN WE MUST GET SOMETHING--

TO ATTACK THE VERY MOLECULAR FORMATION-- IT WILL BE FISSIONABLE-- AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS-- BUT NOTHING ELSE WILL DO--



"SO UNDER HIGHLY CONTROLLED CIRCUMSTANCES, A NUMBER OF ELEMENTS AND SOME PLASTICS UNDERWENT ATOMIC FISSION EXPOSURE..."



WHEW! MIKE, THIS ROCKET WAS MADE OF PLASTIC! HMM... THERE ARE SOME SPORES HERE WHICH ARE ALIVE...

LUCKY FIND, EH, NEAL-- IN THIS RADIATION!

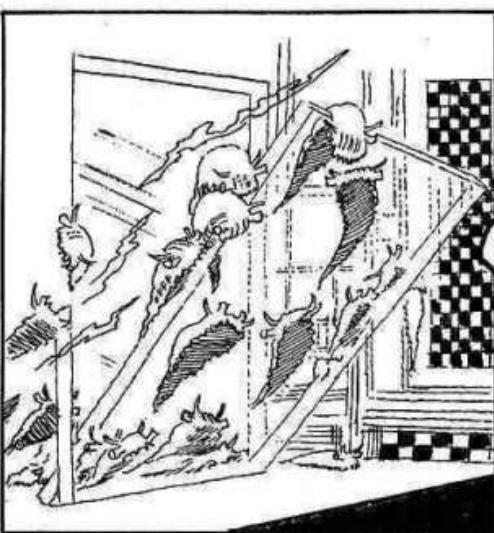


YES, MR. PRESIDENT-- WE'VE A LIFE FORM WHICH SECRETES ACIDS THAT WILL BREAK DOWN THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF THE PLASTIC!

I'LL CALL A GATHERING AT ONCE!

THE OTHER SAMPLES ARE SAFE IN A HIGHLY PRESSURIZED LAB.

THAT'S GOOD. I'M SURE THE OTHER LORDS AND PRINCES OF OUR PARTY WANT ME TO BREAK THE NEWS!



"MIKE WAS TOO RIGHT! THE MORE THE SPORE-CREATURES DEVOURED, THE MORE THEY GREW!!"



THE WHOLE PLASTIC WORLD IS THEIR SMORGASBOARD, MR. PRESIDENT!



NEAL-- I THINK INTENSE HEAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK! --



"SO WE APPLIED INTENSE HEAT TO TWO OF THE MUTANT SLUGS..."



IT'S WORKING, NEAL!

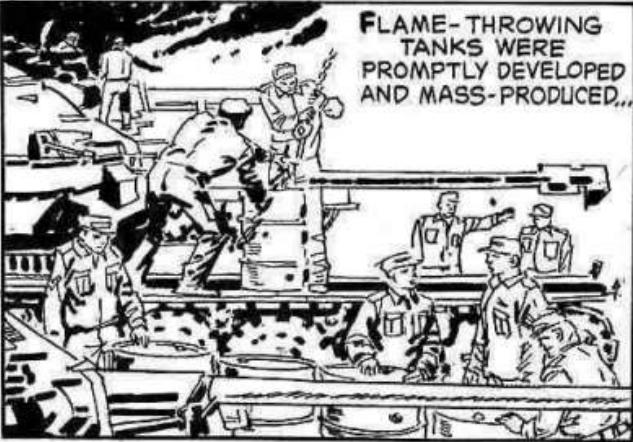
BUT AT WHAT PRICE?!



VERY GOOD WORK, DENNIS. ALL INDUSTRY WILL BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL.



FLAME-THROWING TANKS WERE PROMPTLY DEVELOPED AND MASS-PRODUCED...



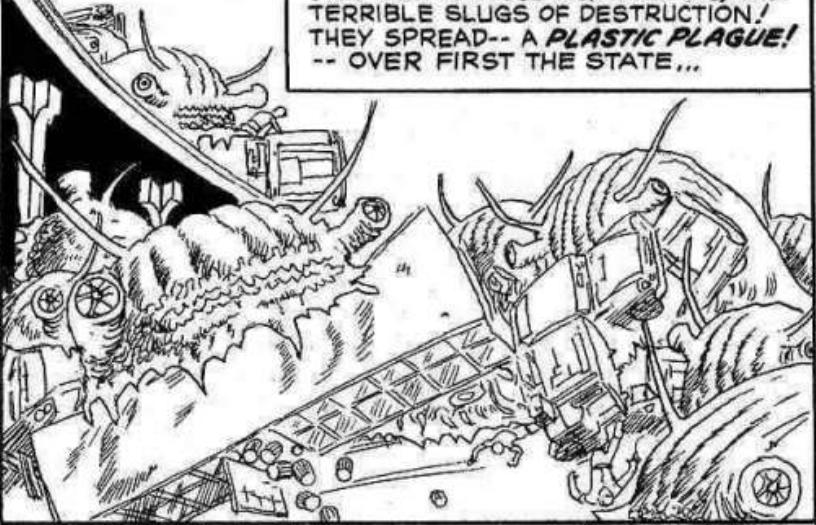
"SOON THE CITIES WERE ABLAZE, THE BATTLE COMMENCED, AND THE MIGHTY CITADELS OF OUR ONCE-SANE CIVILIZATION WERE EXPOSED TO HORROR! THE MONSTERS WERE DEVOURING PLASTIC BUILDINGS AND THEIR PLASTIC-SUSTAINED INHABITANTS..."



"THROUGH THE NEW WEAPONS DESTROYED SOME OF THE CREATURES, MOST GREW LARGER THAN THE TANKS IN A MATTER OF HOURS, BECOMING IMPERVIOUS..."

"THEY BEGAN CREEPING, CREEPING, VAST
TERRIBLE SLUGS OF DESTRUCTION!
THEY SPREAD-- A **PLASTIC PLAGUE!**
-- OVER FIRST THE STATE..."

"THEN OVER THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE...
THEY MULTIPLIED AND GREW SO RAPIDLY,
THAT IN THE MATTER OF A WEEK, THEY
HAD COVERED THE ENTIRE **WESTERN
HEMISPHERE!**"



"IN A LAST-PITCH ATTEMPT, THE LARGEST CITIES WERE FIRE-BOMBED, BUT IT WAS HYSTERICAL, FUTILE. THE PLASTIC PLAGUE SURGED ONWARD..."



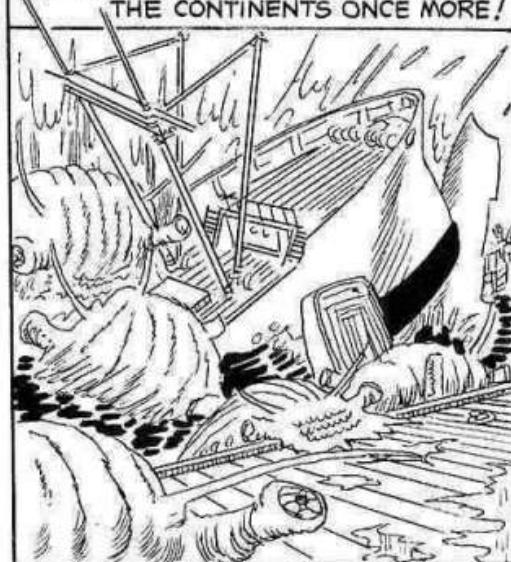
"SO YOU SEE, SURVIVING CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE-- THIS IS HOW YOUR WORLD CAME TO BE, THE PLASTIC PLAGUE CREEPT A PLASTICIZED EUROPE--"



"THEN TO ASIA... DESTROYING, DEVOURING... SPARING ONLY THE LUCKY FEW WHO HAD NO PLASTIC IN THEM..."



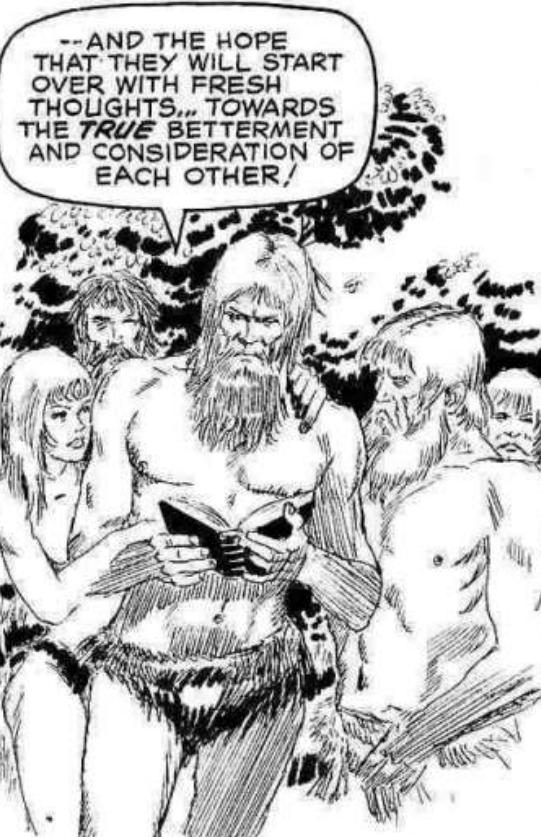
"ELIMINATING ALL PLASTIC MODES OF TRANSPORTATION... ISOLATING THE CONTINENTS ONCE MORE!"



"DECIMATING CIVILIZATION... HURLING THE SURVIVING PEOPLES OF EARTH INTO THE SHAMBLES OF IGNORANCE, DESPAIR, AND DARK AGES OF **BARBARISM**!"



"YES, SPAWN OF THE **PLASTIC AGE OF MAN**, I AM THE CULPRIT-- I, BY MY COWARDICE AND MISJUDGEMENT, AVOID SAVAGERY AND PRIMITIVE GREED; THEY ARE THE **MADNESS** FROM WHICH SPRINGS **NO HOPE**... I BESEECH YOU WITH THIS LEGACY."



FOG SLITHERS DOWN THE
LONELY MIDNIGHT STREET
AND A WOMAN IS ON
HER WAY HOME...



IT'S COMING NEARER...
IT'S A MAN!



SOON THE COBBLES ARE
COMPLETELY BLANKETED IN
DENSELY GREY WHITENESS
AND THE WOMAN STALKS...



THAT TAPPING...
THAT STEADY
TAPPING BEHIND
ME...THE ECHOES
OF **MY** FOOTSTEPS...
OR SOMEONE
ELSE'S...

HYSERIA PUMPING LEGS
FASTER, THE TAPPING
BEHIND GROWING...



IT'S **NOT** THE
ECHOES OF MY
FOOTSTEPS--IT **IS**
SOMEONE BEHIND
ME! FOLLOWING
ME!

SHE BEGAN TO RUN FASTER...
THE STEPS BEHIND ALSO
RUNNING, BUT HOLDING
BACK, AS IF **PROLONGING**
THE PURSUIT...



MY GOD, HE'S
ACTUALLY CHASING
ME! CAN'T **RUN**
WELL IN THIS
DRESS--HE'LL
CATCH ME!

IN THE DESERTED STREETS
SHE CONTINUES TO RUN...
TRIPPING, SLIPPING...
STUMBLING...

I'M BLEEDING!
MY KNEES
SKINNED BLOODY!
NO ONE TO
HELP!

I--I CAN'T
SCREAM...
OH GOD, HELP
ME! HELP ME!



RUNNING SOME MORE,
TRAILING STREAMERS
OF FOG. FOOTSTEPS
STILL BEHIND...GET-
TING CLOSER...



SHE GLANCES BEHIND
A SECOND OR SO BUT
CONTINUES TO RUN...

GOD, I'M TIRED!
I FEEL SO FAINT...
WHY DOESN'T HE
LEAVE ME ALONE?



STILL RUNNING...BUT RIGHT
BEHIND HER THE RELENTLESS
TREAD OF PURSUING
HEELS...

DEAR GOD--
VISHNU--WHAT
HAVE I DONE TO
DESERVE
THIS? SAVE
ME! SAVE
ME!

NOW RUNNING TOWARD A
BLACKER STREET, SHE
RUNS STRAIGHT INTO A...



COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED SHE FALLS DOWN AND...CONFRONTS HER PURSLER...

THE DARK TALL FIGURE CHUCKLING WITH FOUL AMUSEMENT WITHDRAWS A GLEAMING, WICKED KNIFE...

THEN ABRUPTLY, WITH A DEFT MOTION, THE KNIFE BRUTALLY PLUNGED FOR THE CENTER OF HER BODY...



THE FOG WRITHERS AND SWIRLS IN A MAELSTROM OF CONFUSED, HACKING, STABBING, SLASHING, PLUNGING...AS A LEFT HAND IS RIPPED FROM ITS DEAD BODY...

WRITTEN BY DOUG MOENCH
ILLUSTRATED BY VILLAMONTE

DEATH

of the 80th Victim!

JAMES RESTON, INSPECTOR, SCOTLAND YARD AND RAHIB, HIS ASSISTANT ARE LOOKING AT THE 77TH BLOODY CORPSE...WITH NO CLUES...

SAME AS ALL THE OTHERS. ALL EAST INDIANS WITH THE LEFT HAND MISSING!

AND ALL UN-SOLVED, INSPECTOR. HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO WAIT TO ESCALATE OUR INVESTIGATIONS?

NOW SEE HERE, RAHIB. I ADVISE YOU TO REMEMBER YOU ARE MY SUBORDINATE! ANY GRIEVANCES HAVE TO BE REPORTED TO THE COMMISSIONER!

I UNDERSTAND, RAHIB. LET'S GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS FOR THE LAB REPORTS.

LATER IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN AN UNSUSPECTING WOMAN IS HURRYING HOME... SHE IS AN EAST INDIAN... SHE HEARS FOOTSTEPS...

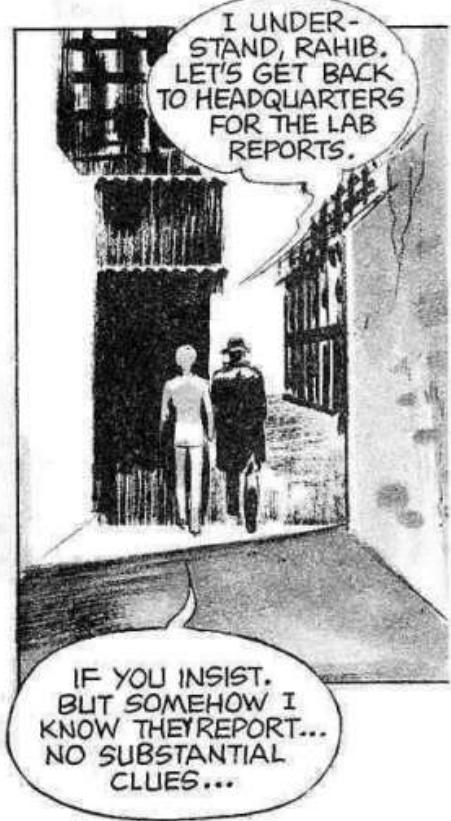
PANIC TAKES HOLD OF HER AND SHE BREAKS INTO A FRANTIC RUN...

TAPPING FOOTSTEPS REcede AND DIMINISH BENEATH THE THUNDERING BEAT OF THE WOMAN'S HEART. SHE BOLTS INTO THE BUILDING WHICH HOUSES HER SMALL FLAT...

JUST A FEW MORE STEPS,
JUST A FEW MORE!

KLAT
KLAT
KLAT

KLAT
KLAT



THE WOMAN SCRAMBLES INSIDE HER FLAT, SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HER, AND HASTILY SECURES THE LATCHES...



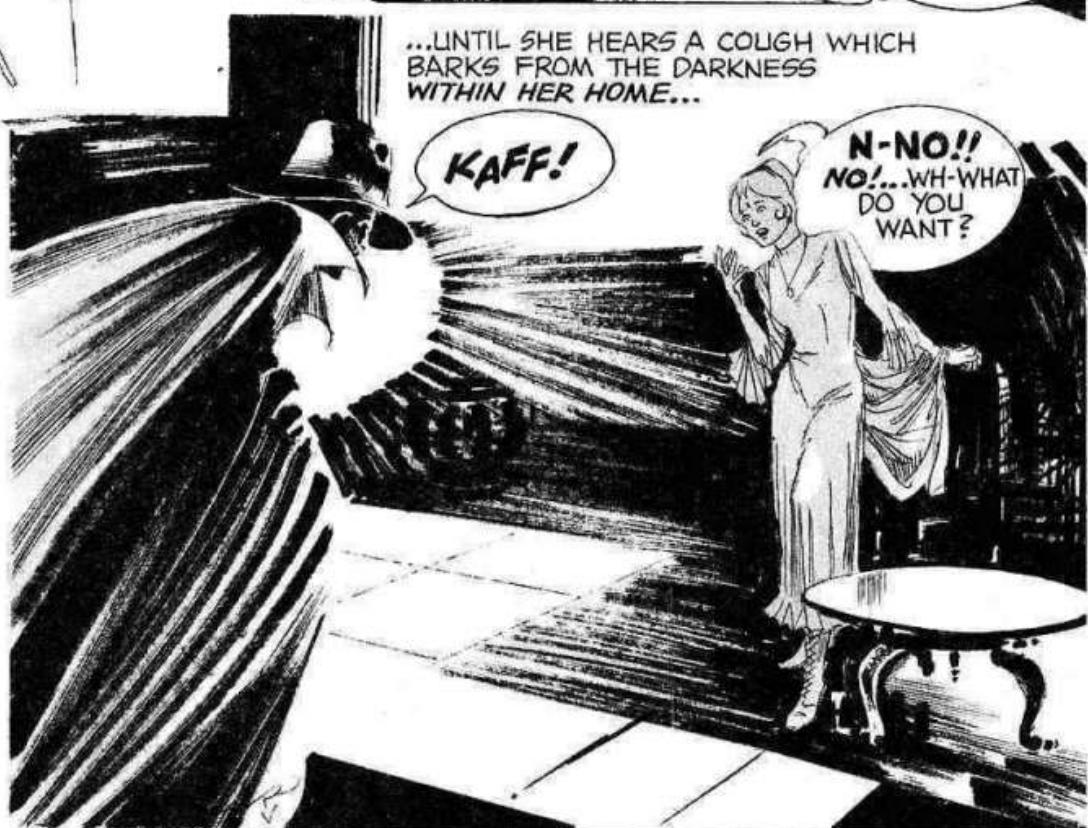
THANK THE LORD VISHNU FOR HIS PROTECTION...



SHE MOVES AWAY FROM THE MANY-LOCKED DOOR AND ADVANCES INTO HER HOME, TOWARD THE WAITING OIL LAMP...YES, SHE IS SAFE...

I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW...

...UNTIL SHE HEARS A COUGH WHICH BARKS FROM THE DARKNESS WITHIN HER HOME...



...TAKE YOUR HAND...

AHHHHHH

THE MAN TAKES HIS LEAVE...AND THE SEVERED LEFT HAND OF THE 78TH VICTIM...

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. I JUST WANT TO...

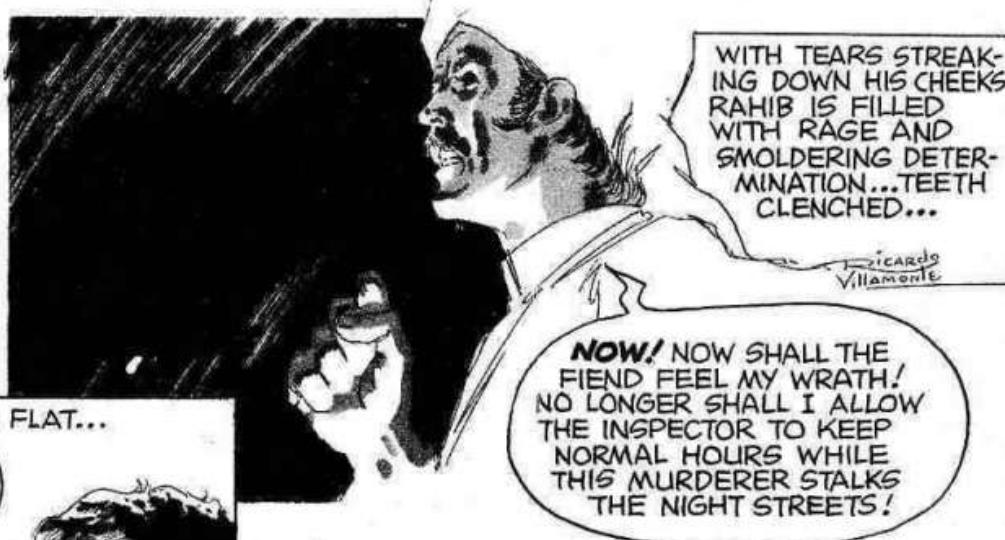
SLASH!



AFTER A STRENUIOS NIGHT,
RAHIB CONCLUDES HIS AIMLESS SEARCH AND RETURNS
TO HIS HOME...

...RETURN TO HIS HOME,
AND TO HIS **WIFE**...

SORROW AND PAIN
SEAR HIS SOUL
WITH LIQUID FIRE...



RAHIB CALMED DOWN SOMEWHAT AFTER AN HOUR OR SO WALKING AROUND WITH INSPECTOR RALSTON...

WHAT GOOD IS YOUR COMMON SENSE? YOU'VE FAILED IN APPREHENDING THE MURDERER! SAREEJA... WAS THE 78TH VICTIM... WHEN WILL IT END?

RAHIB WAS GETTING TOO IRRITABLE
FOR THE INSPECTOR...



RALSTON SHOWS HIS ANGER,
RAHIB SLIGHTLY SHOCKED
AND COMPREHENSION
DAWNING...



YOU...
YOU'RE THE
MURDERER
!!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, RAHIB? DON'T YOU LIKE BEING TRAPPED IN A DARK ALLEY?

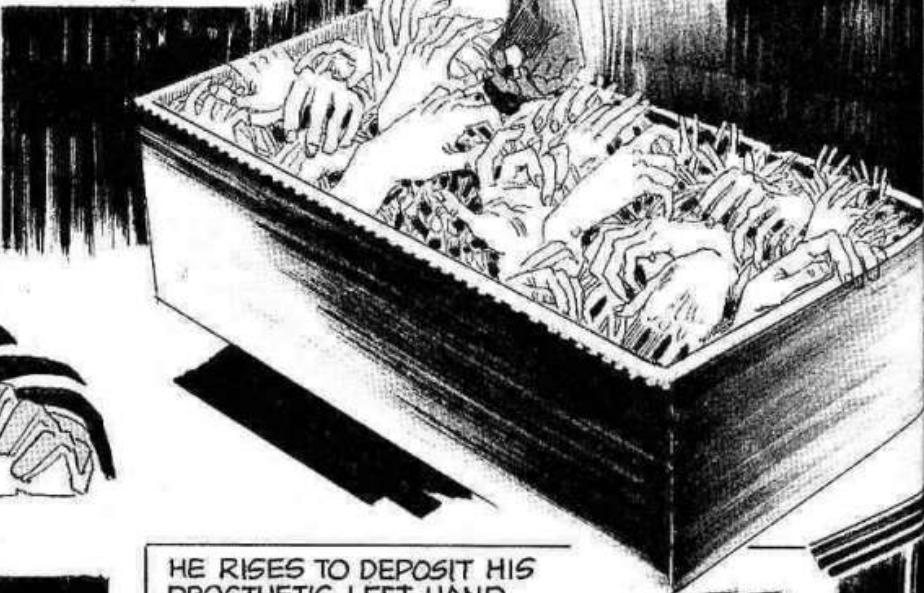
YOU SEE THIS HAND, RAHIB? IT'S... NOT HAND--IT'S PROSTHETIC--FALSE! MY FATHER WAS STATIONED IN INDIA DURING THE WAR...I WAS KIDNAPPED...JUST A BOY...AND TORTURED BY THE INDIANS...THEY CUT MY LEFT HAND, RAHIB!



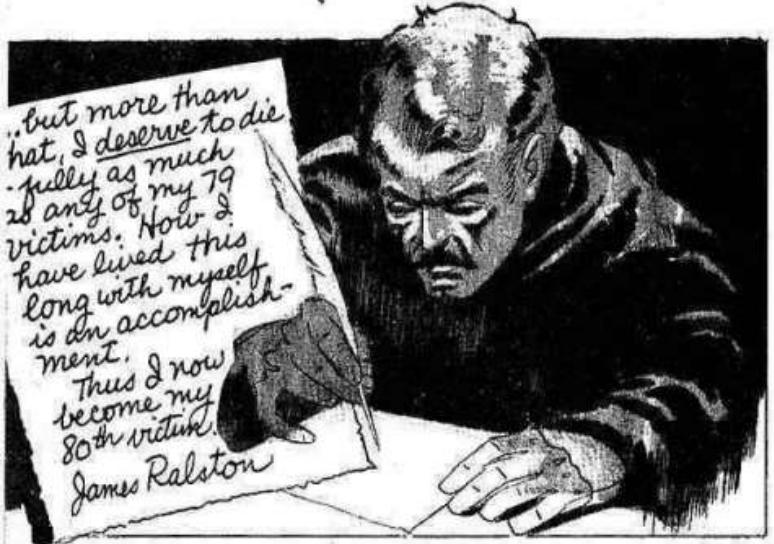
RALSTON TAKES RAHIB'S HAND AND ENTERS HIS FLAT...



I NOW KNOW WHO MY NEXT AND **80TH** VICTIM WOULD BE AND IT SADDENS ME...



MURDERS WILL SURELY BE TRACED TO **ME**, AND I MUST PREVENT DISGRACE AND INCARCERATION...



HE RISES TO DEPOSIT HIS PROSTHETIC LEFT HAND IN THE GRISLY CACHE OF OTHERS. IT IS THE **SECOND** ONE HE HAS LOST...



... THEN HE DOES WHAT HE MUST, AS DICTATED BY HIS INSANITY, BY HIS HATE, BY HIS LUST FOR REVENGE, AND...



... BY HIS HERITAGE...

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE THAT SURROUNDS THE TOWN OF CHANAEILLES, FRANCE, NUMEROUS CHILDREN AND ADULTS WERE SLAIN...RIPPED LIMB FROM LIMB... BY SOME FOUL, HELL-SPAWNED CREATION!! IT WAS DESCRIBED AS COVERED BY DIRT-ENCRUSTED GRAY HAIR...STOOD UPRIGHT...WITH POINTED EARS, AND THE NOSE OF A PIG!! SOME THOUGHT HE WAS SATAN INCARNATE, BUT THE SCREAMS THAT ROSE FROM THE STILL MOUNTAIN BREEZES CRIED....

...WEREWOLF...

WRITTEN BY
ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY
XIRINIUS

FOR OVER THREE YEARS, THE WEREWOLF OF LE GEVAUDAN FEASTED ON THE POPULUS OF FRANCE. TENDER BODIES WERE CRUSHED IN HIS MUSCLED JAWS WHILE HIS RAMPAGE CONTINUED, UNMOLESTED!



A BRAVE AND DEVOUT FRENCHMAN, BY THE NAME OF JEAN CHASTEL FINALLY STOPPED THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER WITH A LONE SILVER BULLET THAT LODGED IN THE CREATURE'S HEART!!

THE CREATURE WAS SKINNED, AND LATER DISPLAYED TO THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES. WHATEVER BECAME OF THE SKIN, IS UNKNOWN! PERHAPS IT IS NOW ROTTING, SANS FUR, IN SOME PARISIAN CELLAR...

... OR, PERHAPS EVERYTHING THAT HAS GONE BEFORE, ARE LIES, AND THE WEREWOLF OF LE GEVAUDAN STILL LIVES TO ROAM THE HILLS OF FRANCE!! BON SOIR!!!

FROM WHAT MALIGNANT MENU SPRINGS THE FOOD OF FETID SOULS.... WHO LADLES OUT THOSE POOLS OF GLOBULAR, BLACK BREDE THAT BUBBLES AND PUSHES THE PERFUMES OF PUTREFACTION IN AN ASSAULT AGAINST THE AIR?!! THE TRAY'S PREPARED --- THE GRAVY'S PREGNANT WITH MEAT---THE MEAL IS SERVED BEFORE THEM ...

...AND THE CORRUPT SHALDRON!!

WRITTEN BY
ILLUSTRATED BY

ED FEDORY
RUBIO



EXCELLENT!
EXCELLENT!!

WHEN YOU FINISH WITH THAT
MOUTHFUL...

...YOU MUST TELL
ME ABOUT THIS
INJUSTICE!

A WRONG AGAINST
MY PERSON?!

TRUTHFULLY,
I WAS UNAWARE
OF IT!

"...WELL, YOU MUST ADMIT, THAT YOUR ARRIVAL DID COINCIDE WITH THOSE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS... AND YOUR HABITS, SO STRANGE..."

HIS PRACTICE THRIVES IN THE VILLAGE!
THE LETTING OF BLOOD IS A NEW SCIENCE.....
ONE TOO EASILY ACCEPTED BY THE COMMON FOLK!

IT HAS ONLY BEEN SINCE HIS ARRIVAL THAT
OUR VILLAGE HAS FALLEN BENEATH THE...

...CURSE OF THE
VAMPIRE!!!

IT MUST BE HIM!!
NEVER HAS HE BEEN
SEEN IN THE HOURS OF
DAYLIGHT!!

THE VAMPIRE... I HAVE
JUST SEEN HIM!!!

QUICKLY!!! B'FORE
HE ESCAPES!!!

HA HA HA HAAA!!!

PACK OF
IGNORANT
FOOLS!!!

HAH HAH
HAH

I FEAR HE DRAWS BLOOD IN YET
ANOTHER MANNER!!!...

...HIS PRESENCE
DEMANDS
WATCHING!!!



AS THE FOX TO THE DOGS, I HAVE
LED YOU A MERRY CHASE...

...BUT AS YOU
CAN SEE...

...IT MUST NOW
COME TO AN END!!

PERHAPS ANOTHER
NIGHT, THE FOX
WILL BE CAUGHT!!!

...TIL THEN, GUARD
YOUR CHILDREN
WELL !!!

HA HA HA
HAAAAAAA
HAHAHA
HAAAAAAA

...THEN, WHILE ALL STOOD MOTIONLESS AS IF THEIR
FEET WERE ROOTED TO THAT EVIL TURF... YOU
ATTACKED... LIKE A BLUR OF DARKNESS !!

DIE!!

...BASTARD SON
OF HELL!!!

A LUSCIOUS
FEAST!!

I ONLY HOPE THAT
I DID NOT SOUR YOUR
APPETITE WITH MY
CONFESSTION!

NOT AT ALL!!

I FOUND IT ALL
MOST INTERESTING!!

ONE THING,
HOWEVER....

...YOU MENTIONED
MY "HABIT" AS
STRANGE!

THE CREATURE I
SLEW THIS NIGHT WAS
SOMETHING MOST FOUL!

STILL, I CAN UNDERSTAND
YOUR SUSPICIONS!

MY HABITS ARE
STRANGE...

...NOT BY
CHOICE,
BUT BY...

...TRADITION!!

I MUST HAVE
THE RECIPE FOR THIS
FINE MEAL!

HERE! WRITE IT
ON THE BACK OF
THIS OLD CARD!



...HOW COULD I HAVE THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE THE VAMPIRE??!
I AM NOTHING BUT AN OLD FOOL!! BELIEVE ME, DEAR SERGE---THEY
ARE THE WORST SORT!! OUR ENTIRE VILLAGE IS IN YOUR DEBT!!

DIE!!!!

DOOMED
NEVER TO WALK
AMONGST MEN
AGAIN!!!

AAARRRGRRHHH

I MUST SAY, YOU PREPARE A FINE DINNER :BURP:
DELICIOUS, SERGE! DELICIOUS!!

THE OLD WAYS, ARE NOT EASILY LOST!!!

MANY OF MY PEOPLE STILL OBSERVE THEM!

ALAS, THEY ARE USUALLY THE FIRST LOST!!!

MYSELF?

I HAVE TAKEN THE
TRADITIONS OF THE
PAST, AND APPLIED
THEM TO THE
PRESENT...

...OF COURSE,
IN A SOCIALLY
ACCEPTABLE
MANNER!

YOUR RECIPE, DOCTOR!

THANK YOU!!!

...I'LL HAVE THE COOK
SCHEDULE IT FOR
DINNER TOMORROW!

THAT MEAL
SURE MADE ONE'S
MOUTH WATER!

MOUTH
WATER?

AHH YES!
THAT'S WHERE
I WAS!

AS I WAS SAYING,
THE OLD WAYS
WERE RISKY!

BUT STILL, WE RETURN TO
THEM FROM TIME TO TIME!

ESPECIALLY WHEN DEALING
WITH SOMEONE....



...THIS...IS CHARLES LAUGHTON...

...THIS LATE GENTLEMAN WAS A MASTER OF THE SCREEN...

HIS MANY PORTRAYALS INCLUDE: WOLVES... THE OLD DARK HOUSE... THE STRANGE DOOR... THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP... THE CLASSIC ISLAND OF LOST SOULS... LES MISERABLE... THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER... THE CANTERVILLE GHOST... AND THE INCREDIBLE AND PATHETIC PORTRAIT OF THE TORTURED CREATURE OF NOVELIST VICTOR HUGO: THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

THE HORROR-MOOD TEAM PROUDLY PRESENT A GLIMPSE INTO 3 OF HIS FINEST SCREAM SCREEN SCENES!

...ESMERALDA...

...I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU...
I AM ONLY STUPID... UGLY...
WHEN YOU SPEAK I CANNOT
HEAR YOU... THE BELLS HAVE
MADE ME DEAF...

...BUT I LOVE
YOU AS ANY MAN
WOULD LOVE YOU...
BUT ONLY AS I CAN
...IN MY OWN
WAY...

...I...
LOVE
YOU...



THIS SCENE FROM

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

WAS ONE OF THE
MOST POWERFUL PORTRAITS OF A DEGENERATE HUMAN
EVER FILMED... LAUGHTON PLAYED THE HUNCHBACK...
MAUREEN O'HARA WAS THE LOVELY ESMERALDA,
AND CREEPY CEDRIC HARDWICK THE ROTTEN PRIEST...



IN THE *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*

LAUGHTON WAS A CRUEL MADMAN WHO SPEEDED UP EVOLUTION TO MAKE ANIMALS SOMEWHAT HUMAN-LIKE... IT BACK-FIRED ON HIM WHEN THE LEADER OF THE ANIMAL-MEN... BELA LUGOSI... TURNED ON HIM AND DEALT OUT' SOME IRONIC JUSTICE BY EXPERIMENTING ON HIS LIVE... SCREAMING BODY... ONE OF THE MOST BRUTAL SCENES IN THE FILM IS ONE, STRANGELY, WHICH IS WITHOUT ACTION, WHEN LAUGHTON EXPLAINED HIS BRUTAL PHILOSOPHY WHILE LEERING AT THE MOVIE AUDIENCE...



LES MISÉRABLE

WAS ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY LAUGHTON ADAPTATION OF A VICTOR HUGO CLASSIC... IN THIS FILM HE FANATICALLY HOUNDED THE DESPAIRING INNOCENT-CRIMINAL JEAN VAL JEAN... PLAYED BY FREDERIC MARCH. FINALLY CORNERING HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR... LAUGHTON AS INSPECTOR JAVERT QUIETLY AND TERRIBLY TOLD OF HIS LEGAL PRINCIPLES...

...THE DIALOG IS BY ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON AND IS NOT, FOR COPYRIGHT REASONS, THE ACTUAL WORDS OF CHARLES LAUGHTON... THE CONTEXT OF THE WORDS ARE CORRECT HOWEVER, AND REPRESENT THE SCENES VERY ACCURATELY...

STARCHILD

CYX HAD BEGINN TO FEAR THEY WOULD NEVER FIND A SUITABLE PLANET, THAT THEY WOULD SIMPLY DRIFT ENDLESSLY THROUGH SPACE UNTIL THE CHILD GREW OLD AND WITHERED AND... DIED.

NOW, AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS, HIS SENSORS BEGAN TO BLINK AND THROB, IMPRINTING NECESSARY DATA ON HIS MEMORY BANKS. TIME TO TELEPATHICALLY STIR THE CHILD FROM UNTRROUBLED DREAMS...



WRITTEN AND
ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JONES

AWAKEN, CHILD--
WE WILL DESCEND UPON
THE PLANET BELOW IN A FEW
HOURS. AWAKEN AND
REMEMBER ALL YOU HAVE
BEEN TAUGHT. ACKNOWLEDGE...

I AM AWARE.
OH, HOW LOVELY...
ARE THESE...
STARS?

GOOD. YOUR VOICE IS CLEAR,
RESPONDING EXCELLENTLY. YES,
THEY ARE STARS AND THIS IS
SPACE. THE SPHERE BELOW IS A
PLANET CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING
YOU.

I SEE YOU NOW... THE
SMALL METALIC CYLINDER. YOU
ARE A **CYXBRETNIC 7-900-G**.
I AM TO CALL YOU CYX. CORRECT?

EXCELLENT... YOUR
RETENTION IS PERFECT. RECITE
FOR ME WHILE WE DESCEND...



I AM A HUMAN FEMALE FROM EARTH AND AM 17 YEARS OLD.

I WAS CONCEIVED ABOARD THE STAR SHIP DORI ANN. ON NOV. 12, 3033 MY PARENTS AND CREW PERISHED IN A COSMIC STORM. I WAS BORN IN SPACE UP IN THE STAR BELT REGION OF THE NEILIAN GALAXY.

GOOD NOW TELL ME ABOUT ME.

YOU ARE A COMPUTER ROBOT BUILT INTO THE DORI ANN TO FUNCTION AS CHIEF NAVIGATOR. YOU SURVIVED THE ACCIDENT OF NOV. 12...

... SALVAGED EQUIPMENT FROM THE WRECK, AND CONSTRUCTED A MEANS OF SELF-PROPELLSION IN SPACE...

... YOU FOUND ME FLOATING IN SPACE, STILL ALIVE WITHIN MY MOTHER'S WOMB.

YOU ABORTED ME AND PROVIDED ME WITH LIFE SUPPORT.

WE ARE ENTERING ATMOSPHERE. YOUR HEAT RESISTANT PLACENTS AND UMBILICAL CORD ARE VISIBLE NOW AGAINST THE SKY.

LOOK CYX! LOOK AT THE COLORS!







QUIETLY NOW... RAISE THE SPEAR... YOU ARE ALMOST WITHIN RANGE. DO NOT FRIGHTEN HIM...

GOOD THROW!

IT IS YOURS, CHILD... YOUR VERY OWN KILL. YOU DID IT YOURSELF!

BUT YOU TAUGHT ME, CYX.

YOU ARE CONTENT THEN, CHILD? YOU ARE NOT... LONELY?

LONELY?! WHAT IS THAT? I AM VERY HAPPY HERE. I HAVE THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD...

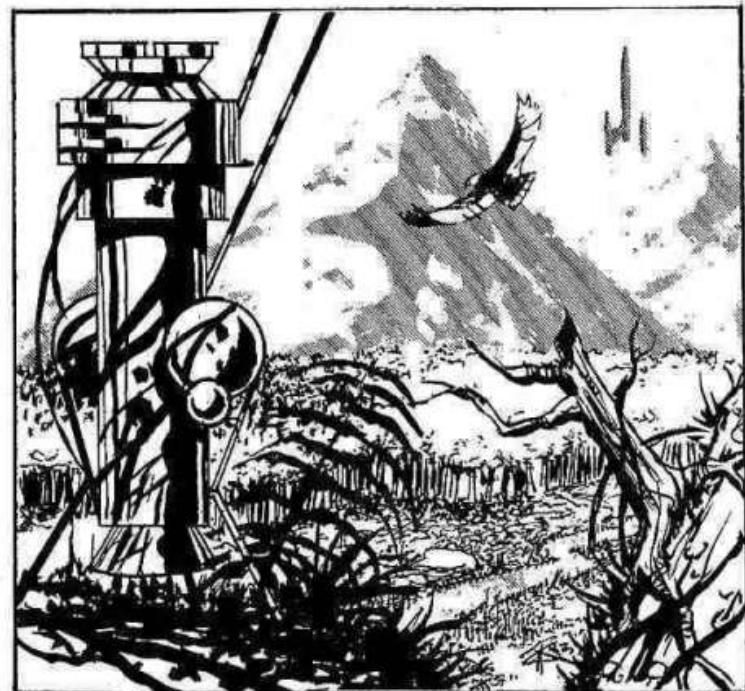
...AND I HAVE YOU, CYX. TOMORROW WE CAN EXPLORE THE VALLEY BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS AND...

CYX! ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

I AM RECEIVING A SENSOR READING FROM THE SKY...

CYX, WHAT IS IT?

A SHIP... A STAR SHIP...



...IN 1954 UNIVERSAL PICTURES
RELEASED A MAD FILM THAT WAS
ONE OF THE WEIRDEST HORROR
MOVIES TO COME OUT OF THE 1950'S
...THIS IS THE SCREAM SCREEN
SCENE FROM THAT STORY OF THE
THING THAT CAME OUT OF THE
WATER TO PROTECT HIS OWN
KIND AND WAS FORCED TO
KILL!

I'M GOING
TO FIND OUT WHY
FISHERMEN ARE AFRAID
OF THESE WATERS...

TAKE ME
WITH YOU...

THEY REPORT
OF SOME STRANGE
CREATURES...

THIS...IS THE TALE OF...

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

THE TWO
PREPARED
FOR THE SEARCH
OF THE BLACK LAGOON
WATERS...THEN PLUNGED INTO
THE LAGOON LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING STRANGE THAT WOULD
TELL THEM WHAT WAS **EVIL** ABOUT
THIS PLACE...

THEY SEARCHED SEVERAL HOURS
EACH DAY...BUT NOT UNTIL
THE THIRD DAY DID THEY **SEE IT!**

Illustration by
Villeneuve

...THE THING TURNED WITH
WRETCHED BLACK EYES LEERING
AT THEM...

THEY WERE FROZEN
IN **PANIC**...NOT KNOW-
ING **WHAT IT WAS** BUT
REALIZING ONLY THAT
THEY HAD COME INTO
WATERS THEY
SHOULD HAVE
LEFT **ALONE!**

...IT ADVANCED AT THEM...
SLOWLY...STALKING THEM...

...THEN LUNGED AT
THE TWO...RIPPED
AT THEM...CLAWED
AT THEIR AIR-LINGS
AND CRUSHED
THEIR LIFE-
SUPORTS...

...FOR **IT** DID ONLY WHAT
IT HAD TO DO...PROTECT
ITSELF AND ITS KIND
IN THIS **BLACK LAGOON**
IN THIS SOUTH AMERICAN
LAND...WHATEVER THE
HUMANS DO **NOW** WILL
DETERMINE ITS NEXT
ACT...IF **IT** IS LEFT ALONE
THERE WILL BE **PEACE**...
BUT IF THE HUMANS
WANT TO **FIGHT**, THERE
WILL BE A **WAR**!

FOR COPYRIGHT REASONS, THIS IS NOT AN ACTUAL SCENE FROM UNIVERSAL'S
"CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON"...BUT AN EXAMPLE OF THE WEIRD STORY.

INDIA.... NARROW PASSAGEWAYS BEDECKED WITH **MYRIAD BEGGARS**... BAKED-CLAY HUTS STANDING SWAY-BACKED IN THE NOON-DAY SUN... A LAND OF **STRANGE** PEOPLE AND OBJECTS, ACCCOMPANIED BY **SMELLS** THAT DEFY OLFACTORY RECOGNITION // PERHAPS IT IS A DINNER BEING COOKED ON THE OPEN HEARTH ... OR **PERHAPS** A FUNERAL PYRE THAT SPEWS HUMAN DEBRIS ON THE ROOF OF A NEIGHBORING HUT!! BUT **EVEN** HERE, THERE ARE **THINGS** NEVER SPOKEN OF... STORIES THAT DEFY THE **ANCIENT** SCIENCES AND HUMAN COMPREHENSION... CHRONICLES WRITTEN IN THE **BLOOD** OF MEN, IN LETTERS CAKED AND **DRY**, THAT READ...

THE BUTCHERED AT EARTH'S CORE!!!



IN RETURN FOR
THIS SMALL
KINNESS, I WILL
RELATE TO YOU A
STORY... ONE OF
ANCIENT ORIGINS,
THAT WILL TEST...
... THE FIBER OF
YOUR MIND!!

HA HA!!
A FAIR
BARGAIN!
TELL YOUR STORY...
...LEPER!!

NOT HERE,
EUROPEAN!! THE
NOON-DAY SUN SEARS
THIS RAW AND TENDER
FLESH!! BUT, I DO
KNOW A PLACE WHERE
WE MAY TALK! COME!!
YOU MUST
FOLLOW ME!!

AFTER AN HOUR'S WALK THROUGH
NUMEROUS DUST-CLOUDED
ALLEYS...

ROTEN TIMBERS MOAN BENEATH THE ONSLAUGHT OF A MAN'S WEIGHT AS THE
TREK REACHES FINALITY AT A SHABBY DWELLING IN THE ELDEST QUARTER
OF THE CITY!!

I'LL NEVER
FIND MY WAY
OUT OF THIS
MAZE!!... NEVER!!!
HOW MUCH
FARTHER???

IT IS
ONLY A MATTER
OF STEPS!

AT LAST!
IT'S ABOUT
TIME!!

SEE, YOUR
PATIENCE HAS
BEEN...
REWARDED!

STRANGE ODORS CLING TO THE WALLS... A NOXIOUS STENCH ASSAULT
THE SENSES... THE SMELL OF DECAY... THE BREATH OF A CHARNEL-HOUSE!!
SUDDENLY, AS IF TO BREAK ANY REVERY THE MIND MAY TOY WITH...

YOUR THROAT
MUST BE PARCHED
FROM OUR JOURNEY...
... A DRINK OF
WATER ??

YES! MY THROAT FEELS
LIKE PARCHMENT!!
SOME WATER WOULD
BE WELCOME!!





DRINK WELL,
MY FRIEND!!!



THE DRYNESS OF A DUST-CLOGGED THROAT WAS ECSTASY
COMPARED TO THE FETID TASTE OF THAT FOUL LIQUID...



'ISN'T ANY
WONDER HE'S
DISEASED!!...
THIS WATER IS
HORRID!!



NOW, LET'S
HEAR YOUR
TALE!

LET THIS TIRED
FRAME REST A
SECOND!... THEN YOU
WILL HEAR ALL!!

WHY
DOES HE
STALL??!



T-THE WATER!!
H-HEAD
SPINNIN'!!

WITHIN THE SPAN OF
MERE SECONDS...

TTTTUUUUNNNNHHH

HA HA HA
HAAAAAAA
GGOOOOOODOO!!
GOOD!!!
HAH HAH HAH
HHAAAAAHHH

UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES, A
STRANGE TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE...

CUMBERSOME
GARB!! A
GLORY TO BE RID
OF SUCH
OUTFittings
AS THESE!!!

WITHING
THE HOUR YOUR
FATE WILL BE
SEALED,
HUMAN!!!

AS THE EMBROIDERED FABRIC SWAYS IN THE
STILL AIR, A FIGURE SAUNTERS ALONG A
HIDDEN RENT IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE...

WHEN THE
MASTER HEARS
OF THIS, HE WILL
LOOK WITH
FAVOR UPON
ME!!!

SOON, IN A MASSIVE CAVERN BELOW THE SURFACE...

AHHHHH!!
IT IS BUT A GIFT
OF THE GODS THAT SUCH
BEAUTY EXISTS!!!

BRING
THE
LAUNCH!!

QUICKLY!!
WE MUST BRING HIM
TO THE MOTHER-SHIP
BEFORE HE REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS!!

INDEED,
THIS HAS BEEN
A DAY OF
GOOD
FORTUNE!

AS THE TINY WAVELETS BEAT AGAINST THE **MASSIVE,**
POLISHED HULL OF THE MOTHER-SHIP, A FAMILIAR
VOICE IS HEARD...

HOO!! PENTAR!!
AGAIN THE
GODS HAVE
LOOKED TO
YOUR AID!!

TRUE,
ZOPAK!!... AND,
YOU AND THE
MOTHER-SHIP ARE BOTH
WELCOME SIGHTS TO
THE WEARY EYES OF
THE... HUNTER!!

AHHH!!
MY BROTHER...
WELCOME
HOME!!

IT IS
GOOD TO
RETURN,
ZOPAK!!



THE MASTER
WILL BE PLEASED!!...
FOR MANY A CYCLE
WE HAVE NOT HAD A
CAUCASIAN!! THIS,
COULD MEAN A
PROMOTION!!

CAUCASIAN...
LEAN, WITH THE
RIGHT AMOUNT OF
FAT... SHOULD
BRING A GOOD
PRICE!! INDEED,
THE PROSPECTS
LOOK
GOOD!!



NO, PENTAR...
IT WON'T BE
LONG BEFORE
THE MASTER
GIVES YOU
A...

OHHHHHH...
MY HEAD!!
WHERE AM...





...NO LONGER ARE THE **HUMAN GARGOYLES**
FUGITIVES...NO LONGER DO THEY **RUN** FROM
SOCIETY'S JUSTICE, FOR THEY HAVE NO **NEED**--
THEY ARE GIVEN A **CHANCE** TO BECOME
PART OF THAT SOCIETY BY A JUDGE NOT
UNJUST...



...WHO HAS GIVEN TO EDWARD THE NAME
OF A MAN ON THE MANHATTAN WHARFS...



YES, EDWARD...
JUDGE WALLACE GAVE
ME A CALL--TOLD ME
YOU WAS LOOKIN'
FOR WORK...

I AM...YES...
MR. ROANOKE...

...I HAVE A
FAMILY TO
SUPPORT...

MEET MY
TUG...

...THE **ANDY**
JACKSON...

YOU EVER WORK
A TUG BEFORE?...
WELL...NOW...I
GUESS YOU
HAVEN'T...

NO, BUT THE IDEA
OF A LIFE AT SEA
HAS ALWAYS
FASCINATED ME!

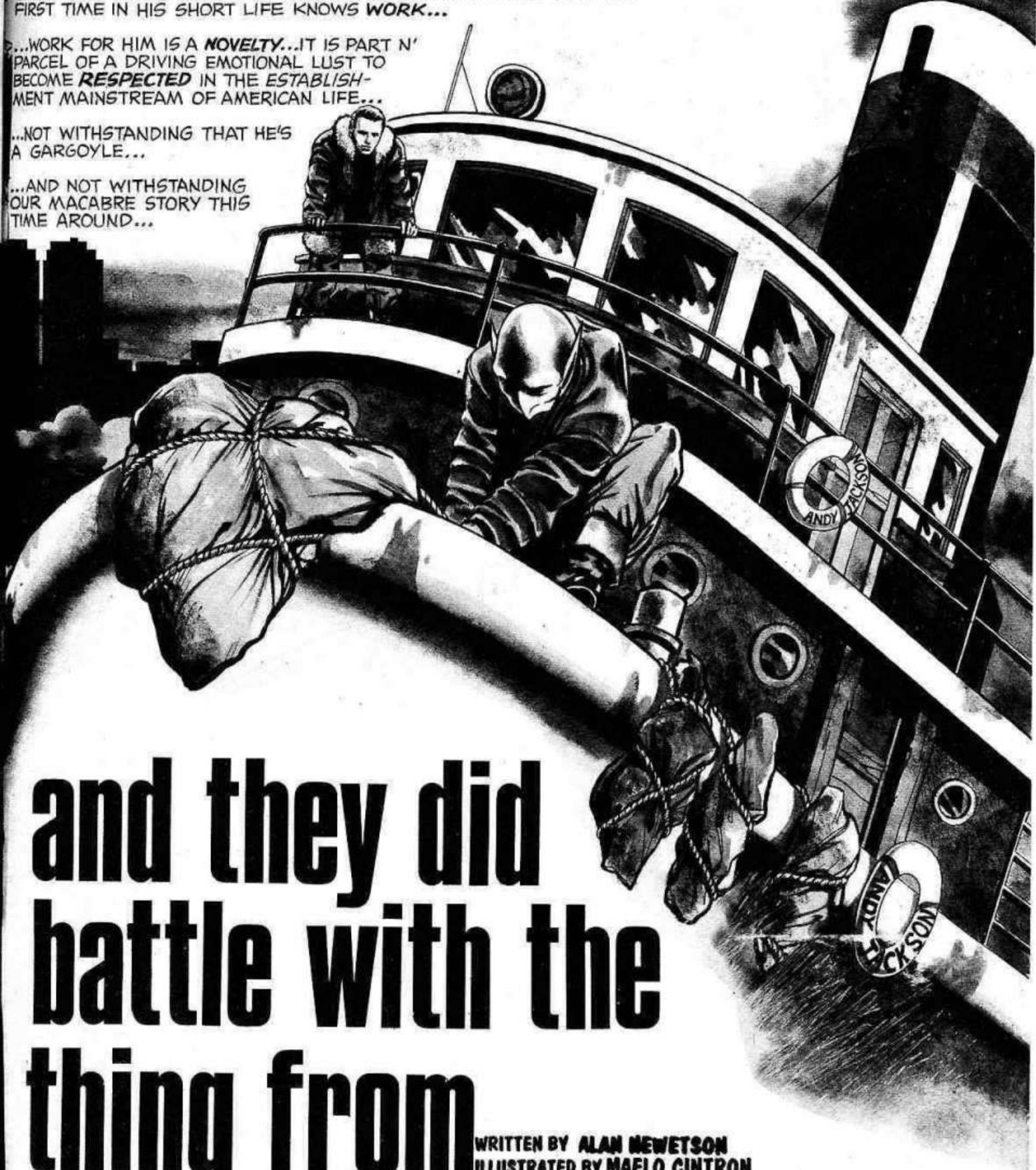
WELL...YOU WON'T BE
FAR OUT AT SEA...WE
JUST KINDA MOVE THE
BIG BOATS ABOUT HERE
IN THE HARBOR...
HELP 'EM DOCK...

...SO STARTS THE 4-TH CHAPTER OF THE CONTINUING TALE OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES...AS EDWARD SARTYROS LEARNS A SKILL...AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS SHORT LIFE KNOWS WORK...

...WORK FOR HIM IS A NOVELTY...IT IS PART N' PARCEL OF A DRIVING EMOTIONAL LUST TO BECOME RESPECTED IN THE ESTABLISHMENT MAINSTREAM OF AMERICAN LIFE...

...NOT WITHSTANDING THAT HE'S A GARGOYLE...

...AND NOT WITHSTANDING OUR MACABRE STORY THIS TIME AROUND...



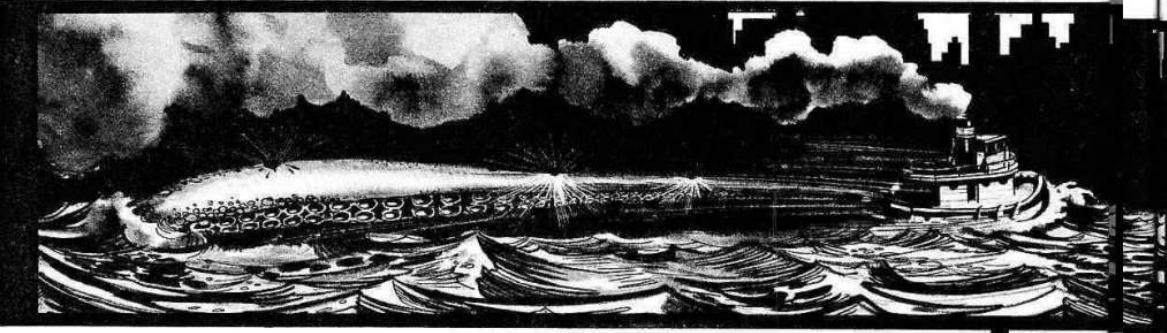
and they did battle with the thing from underneath

WRITTEN BY ALAN NEWTON
ILLUSTRATED BY MAELO CINTRON



...IT TOOK EDWARD ONLY WEEKS TO LEARN HIS CRAFT WELL...ONLY WEEKS TO BECOME SETTLED INTO A DAY-TO-DAY EXISTENCE...BROKEN FOR HIM BY A MAD YET CONTRIVED INCIDENT...





JUNE 3, 1973
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THE MANHATTAN DAILY GAZETTE

THING BATTLES TENTACLE IN N.Y. HARBOR

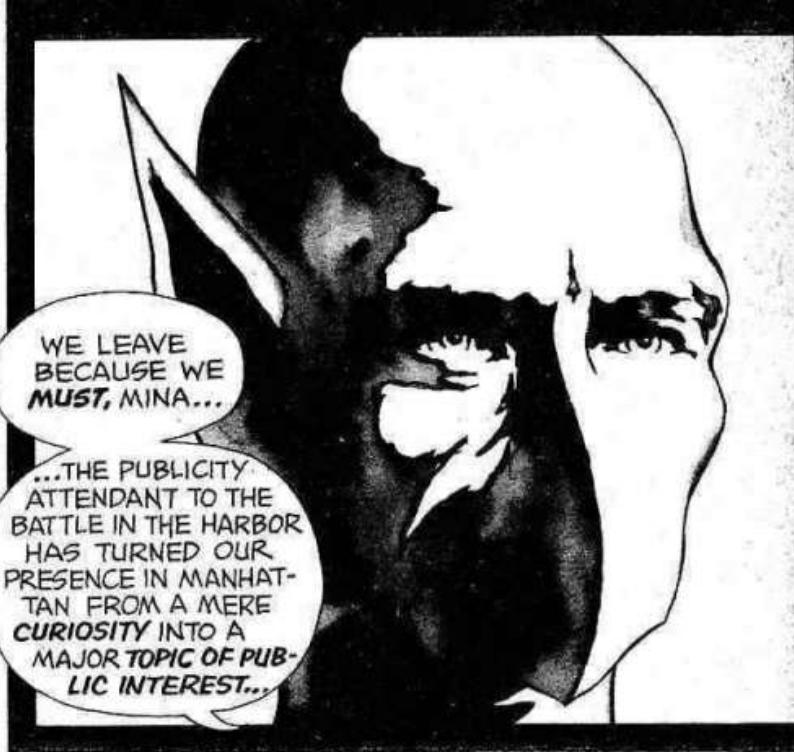
Big City Murder
STORY ON PAGE 2

Brothers In Crime
STORY ON PAGE 2

Sartypos Family battle macabre tentacle in harbor district at 34th Street during lunch time today before crowd of shocked citizens.

Manhattan N.Y. (Archaie). Recently this newspaper gave press coverage to the strange court case of the 'Sartypos Family' who claimed to be 'HUMAN GARGOYLES'. Since that time Mr. Sartypos has been working as a dock laborer in the employ of Anderson Roanoke, a tugboat owner, in New York Harbor. Today as hundred's watched from the river banks, Mr. Sartypos FLEW about and wrestled a monstrous TENTACLE which came out of the harbor this morning.

While this is hardly the strangest thing to happen in New York City, where strange things are everyday occurrences, it is important to note that the ex-circus family do not claim to be human, but refer to themselves as gargoyle come-to-life. Gargoyles are stone sculptured water-spouts which sit upon old European cathedrals, and Mr. Sartypos claims to have sat atop one such cathedral in Friedburg, Germany for several centuries, his wife 'Mina' nearby. The birth of their child, Andrew, came only after their own re-birth into human form. Story continues page 68.



NEXT...THE GARGOYLES
DO GO INTO AMERICA...
DEEP INTO THE SOUTH
WHERE MEN CHALLENGE
THEIR ORIGINS...IN A
TALE WE TITLE...

ONCE UPON A TIME IN ALABAMA...A HORROR...

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Augustine Funnell . . . Segrelles . . . Domingo
and ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON . . . THAT'S why

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...OH GOD...
...GOD...

THE THING IN THE PAINTING CRAWLS
OUT AND SCRATCHES AT THE AIR
GRABBING AND GRASPING AT HIS MURDERER

...WHY?
...COULDN'T YOU LET
WELL ENOUGH ALONE?
...WHY JENNY?...

WHY?
...OH GOD...

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